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BINGVILLE BUGLE

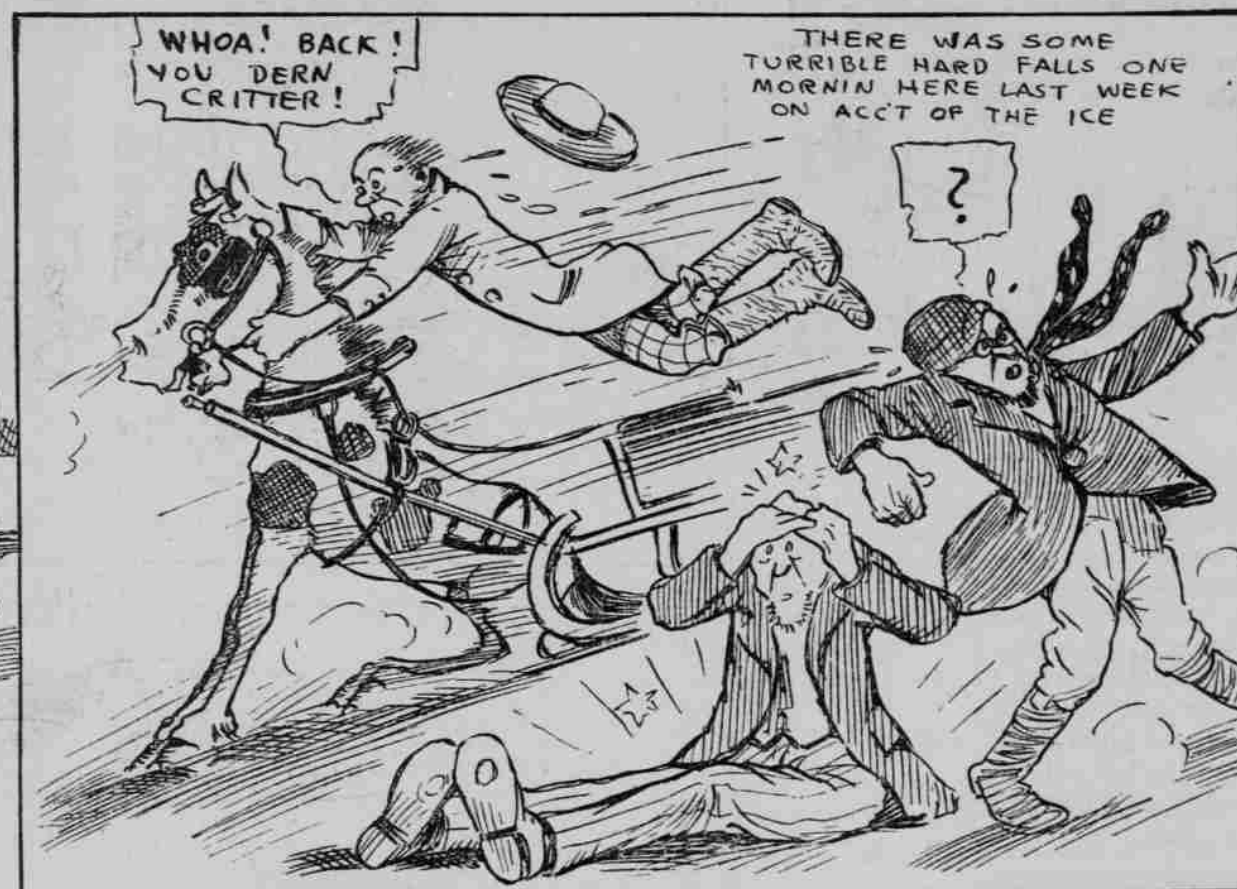
BY NEWTON NEWKIRK

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DEACON BUTTERWORTH AND GRANDPA GOOKINS HAD A GREAT FEET OF STRENGTH TOTHER EVE. DOWN IN HEN WEATHERSBY'S STORE



THERE WAS SOME TERRIBLE HARD FALLS ONE MORNIN HERE LAST WEEK ON ACCT OF THE ICE



LIGE PETERSON WHILE TITENING A HOOP ON HIS WIFE'S WARSUB LAST MONDAY STRUCK HIS FINGER WITH THE HAMMER



JED PETERS ESCORTED THE SCHOOL MARM HOME FROM THE SPELLING BEE FRIDAY.

THE BINGVILLE BUGLE

The Leading Paper of the County

Bright, Breezy, Bellicose, Bustling



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EDITORIAL ON G. WASHINGTON

Whilst we was perosin the almanack tother day to find out which quarter of the moon it was, it suddintly dawned on us that February 22d was George Washington's birthday and that this date was then past and went!

This was a awful blow to us and for a spell we was fild with deep disgust & humiliasion becz for the reason that allus heretofore sint we have been edditor & prop, and everthink else of the Bingville Bugle this is the 1st time it has ever happend that Washington's birthday has got past us unbeknownst, as we might say, without us having a advance eddytorial in the Bugle concerning it.

As we say, we was jest simply dazed and flabbergasted for a spell and then the thort ocurred to us that sint we hadnt thort to write a eddytorial about George before his birthday arrive, why not write a one afterward. We calkilate it aint never too late to mend, or in other words its better late than never, so here goes for a eddytorial on G. Washington.

George Washington was the father of his country at a time when his country was a ofing, as we might put it, and diddnt have no father. It was then that George, who diddnt happen to have no children of his own, come forward like a brave man and says, "Country, I will be a father to you!" and he was.

When George Washington was a boy it is said that he couldnt tell a lie. We have allus sort of held this up against George, and yet we perosin every boy has some weak point or other. When we was a little boy we could tell a lie most every time we heard one and in this respect we exeld G. Washington. Be that as it may, however, when George growd up to be a man we calkilate he could tell a lie from the truth praps nine times outen ten.

G. Washington is the feller who took charge of the American army during the Revolooionary War and licked the packin outen the British. It was him who crossed the Delyware River on a dark night in the winter time when the river was full of ice and tackled the Hessians (whoever they was) stashed at Trenton and driv em clean outen

the town. According to the best information we can git George and his soljers jumpt from one cake to another when they crost the river and not a man got his feet wet. Dad Hendersn says they must either of been purty spry or had hobnailed boots on.

During this war George and his soljers spent the winter at Valley Forge and according to all accts, it was a awful hard winter. To make matters worse, most of the soljers had no shoes and when they had to drill in their bare feet in a foot of snow the langwidge they used has no place in this youlogium. If it haddent been for George Washington this country would of went to the doos, but George he stent in at the kritical mimint and saved it from ruinashion.

After the war was over George was a hero in the eyes of everybudy and the peozul wanted to elect him King of America. But George wouldnt hear of it. He said he diddnt want to be no King being as this was a free country, but if the folks desired to elect him President of the U. S., hed except the nomination. Well, George was elected unanimously and made a turrible good president too.

George was quite a inventer, if ennybuddy should ask you. The hand press on which every copy of the Bugle is printed bears his name as follers: "Washington Hand Press." On press days when we blamed near brake our back printin the Bugles on this press we sometimes wisht that George haddent ever invented it.

Country Correspondence

HOOPERS MILLS

Beino as you aint heard from this neck of woods in some time we take in our pen in hand to inform you of doings herabouts.

It rained here one day last wk and that night it froze. Next morning there was some turrible hard falls in which some of our most respected citizens was shuk up bad but no bones broke. Sam Watson has been wearing his Sunday best suit on wk days recent. We told him we diddnt see how he could afford to wear his best clothes on wk days and Sam said he couldnt afford not to being as all the rest of his pants and coats & vests was wore out and his best was all he had.

Homer Welch, one of our enterprising citizens, got an early last Tuesday morning, had a horse shod, sawed some wood, wrote a letter, curried his horses, hitched up, driv to the co-sect, got full and arrive home late that night all in one day. Who can beat that for enterprize?

Miss Jerushy Holbs is nittin a very handsome necktie for her beloved outen yaller and blue silk. We are afeard, Henry, you'll look awful bilvius with that yaller and blue tie on.

The roads in our midst aint very good for going on runners. Some places there is snow and some places there is bare ground.

Hame Peters says his old cow who is dry has at her head off this winter considering the high price of cow feed. Well, what can ennybuddy want a dry cow expect?

Mrs. Jordan Smiley is engaged in trimmin over her last fall hat for spring.

Mrs. Jim Rawlins is thinking of weaning her baby.

No more news at present, but more soon.

Test of Strength!

Deacon Butterworth and Grandpa Gookins in a Pullin Match Down to Hen Weathersby's Store!—Neither One Won & It Neerly Ended in a Fite!—Exsiting Particklers as per Below!

Tother eve down to Hen Weathersbys store there was gethered around the stove some of our most respected citizens discussing the current tonicks of the day whilst it was so cold outside that the thermometer crep lower & lower and the wind banged the winder shutters on the store winders and live and live then present got to talking about how strong & powerful they used to be in their youth.

Deacon Butterworth said that when he was in his prime it wasent nothink for him to pick up a barl of vineyar off the ground, toss it hobbys on his shoulder and walk off with it for a mile or two jest for exercise. Then Grandpa Gookins who has a souzaky voice cleard his throat and said when he was a yung feller he used to be boss in a stone quarry where they was peltin out foundashion stones and one day some of the men was a goin to blast a big store in two in order to pit onto the wazon to haul off, but Grandpa told the men there wasent no need to blast the stone in two beino if they all grabd hold of it they could lift it on the wazon.

Well he said eight men grabd hold of that stone whilst he stood off and heaved the yob and tried to lift it. Grandpa said they heaved and heaved and emitted, but they couldnt budge the stone a inch. Then Grandpa said he bein to git mad and told em to pit outen his way. Grandpa said he jerked off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and emitted, but they couldnt budge the stone a inch. Then Grandpa said he bein to git mad and told em to pit outen his way. Grandpa said he jerked off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and emitted, but they couldnt budge the stone a inch.

When Grandpa told this story about his strength it was so much biowen the one the Deacon told that the Deacon sniffed and sneered and scoffed at it like everthink and finally told Grandpa right to his face that he diddnt believe a word of it. Then Grandpa got mad and dared the Deacon in a high pitched voice to fite and hed show him who was the strongest. Finally Hank Dewberry suggested what the most peacable way to see who was the strongest was for the two of em to pull square toed against each other. Grandpa and the Deacon agreed to this so preparations was begin at ont.

Hen Weathersby prop of the store furnished a new broom to pull by. The Deacon and Grandpa tuk off their coats and set down on the floor in the back end of the store facin each other with the soles of their feet together and each one holdin on with both hands to the broomstick betwix em. Whoever puld tother one onto his feet was to win this feet of strength.

When they was all set the Deacon ask Grandpa if he was ready and he said he was, then they begin to pull it to bust. After about a minnit pullin Grandpa said, "Jest a minnit—I fity I felt a sunder hutton give." Then they paused and rested afore they went at it again. It was the Deacon who ask Grandpa to wait a minnit next

time being as he had a cramp in his thum. Eye and live however they settled down to a stiddy pull and grunted and groined with their eyes bugged out when all at ont the Deacon got the best of Grandpa and mld him up about two feet off the floor when all to ont the broomstick handle broke!

Grandpa set back down on the floor with a dull sikkening thud that shuk the hull store and like to rand his spinal collum up through his hat. The Deacon on tother hand went clean over backwards and when his feet revoloated they crash through the glass show case in which Hen keeps his segars, while his face buried itself in the sawdust box.

When they got onto their feet Grandpa accused the Deacon of ferkin instid of mldin stiddy and the Deacon accused Grandpa of holdin the broomstick in such a manner that he made it break on purpose.

Hen Weathersby said the price of the broom was 50 cts and the damage did to the show case was \$1.50 and asked Grandpa and the Deacon to settle for some. Grandpa said it wasent his feet which went through the showcase and to let whoever's feet went through it settle for some and as for the broom he was willing to pay for half the damage or 25 cts and would take the pieces of the broom home being as he thort he could slice the handle so it would be as good as ever. When we went home at a late hour Grandpa and the Deacon was still arguin about dividin the damages and also as to who was the strongest of the two. In our opinin they are purty even matchd for strength!

Lokal Jottings

Melchisedek Winters is laid up with pneurabia in his face. Mel says he wouldnt wish a snake to bite a ake in its face like hes got and goodness knows he dont love snakes neither.

Amzi Gookins recd his pension last wk. Amzi fit in the Rebelliyon & was shot in 1863 and elsewhere. Amzi ever has so full of lead that it almost makes him walk limpsid at times. Otherwise his health is good.

While Deacon Andrews with nothink on his feet but his socks was windin on his big clock in the hall afore recitatin last Tuesday eve, the clock weight weelins about 12 lbs broke and fell smashin the Deacons face. The Deacons wife says the consistin be husband is a miller of the Bingville church the langwidge he used was outen rains.

Jed Peters our intelligent school teacher attended the spelling bee vice the Pea Poles school last Fri eve at which school is taught by Hen Tildy Palmer. It is said that after the bee was over Jed escorted the schoolmarm home. This may be the beginnin of love and courtship, who can tell?

Miss Phronicia Watkins while on her way to the P. O. after the mail tother day alint on the ice jest below Hen Weathersbys store. Miss Phronicia says that unless Hen sprinbels ashes on his sidewalk in front of the store she will trade elsewhere.

Cy Hoskins our most prosperous & efficient citizen slicked up in his best clothes last Tuesday and driv over to Hardscrabble to collect the monthly rent from handsome Widder Wilkins who occupies one of Cys houses over there. Cy likes to make a good impression on the ladies especially handsome widders, but he diddnt never go so far as to throw off enny of the rent.

Hi Cranby says hedl thank the person who borried his ladder last fall to pick apples with and then never bring it back to return same before he lets the law take its course. LATER—Never mind returning the ladder—Hi informs us jest as we go to press that he found the ladder thing under the barn where he remembers putting it away afore snow come.

Svide Petersby our feller townsmen

dropped into the Bugle offfis tother day and also axidentally dropt his hat in our keg of ink and at least a lb of ink or more must of stuck to Snides hat. We wisht to goodness folks would keep their hats on their heads when they call on us instid of tryin to be so blamed perlit.

Personal Squibbs

Ab Wood who runs the Snake Crick saw mill has done real well selling his saw dust to help put up ice with this season. Abs sawdust has netted him almost \$30 dollars which is a good cal like getting something for nothink. Gage Parker purchased a pr of boots at the co-sect last wk and they are too big for him and rub blisters on his heels. They are No. 11s whereas Gage only wears No. 9s. Why dont you wear a extra pr of socks or so, Gage, then they wont rub your heels?

The Widder Hincley who is the mother of Bud Hincley who aint quite right in his head, tells us that she thinks Buds mental condishion is improving right along and she hopes that in a few yrs or less time hed have test as much wents as ennybuddy in Bingville which she says wouldnt be havin much. Mrs. Hincley says there is times when Bud shows signs of almost human intelligence.

When Jed Peters our intelligent schoolteacher went to put on his overshoes after school last Thursday he found some of the dollars had nailed em to the floor and Jed tore the soles outen the shoes afore he could exterate em. Jed says if he finds out the boy who done that he will lamm the boy outen him.

We a nounce with pride that our Bugle offfis cat "Mariah" has ketchd two sparrows during the past wk. When it comes to being a good mouser its nurry hard to beat Mariah.

Lige Peterson while titening a hoon on his wifes warsub last Monday morning afore she begin to warsh, so the rub wouldnt leak axidentally struck his finger with the hammer which made Lige mad so he haufed off and hit the rub a crack with the hammer test for sette and blamed if he diddnt knock it all to staves and couldnt put it together agin. Then Mrs. Peterson diddnt have no rub a tall and had to put off her warshing until she buys or borrows one.

Ed Watkins says his stumick has went back on him this winter and he cant understand why neither being as he has been very keeful not to ete ennythink at nite afore he goes to bed except cold mince, viz. dumplings, cold salt pork or some think light like that.

Wholesale Jobber!

If you desire enny wholesale jobbings did send for me. I have had a good ad of experts in this line of work and generally GIVE SATISFACTION IF POSSIBLE. Scose for instants there is something out of hiltter or busted around the house. Well in that case TIME THE HANDY ANXY VRO CAN FIX IT. An you haft to do is to git word to me and I will respond prompt and fix it up for you as good as new and at A PRICE THAT WILL SURPRISE YOU. How is your SOWING MASHEN runnin? If it aint see me. Does your CLOTHES RINGER refuse to ring? I can fix it. Want your CLOTHES HORSE stand up? He make it stand up for you or bust it into kindlin wood. EVERYTHING REPAIRED FROM A CLOCK TO A MELODEUM. As far back as I can remember Ive allus been turrible handy with tools and whenever ennybuddy wanted ennythink fixt they allus sent for me. I can fix watches, set up stovepipes, file saws, put patches on coats, solder tinware, put down carpets, put seats in chairs, repole furniture & OTHER THINGS TOO NUMERUS TO MERTION. You will find me at home all day and at Hen Weathersbys store in the eve. GIVE ME A TRIAL AND YOU WILL REGRET IT IF YOU DONT.

YOURS FOR FIXING THINGS.

PELEG HOBBS

BINGVILLE.

